

## The Critic

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## Co-education in American Colleges.

THE question of a more generous provision for the higher education of women has been made prominent by the action of some of our most estimable and thoughtful fellow-citizens, who lately made an ineffectual attempt to get the doors of Columbia College—the larger, not the lesser doors—those leading to the lecture-rooms, rather than to the recitation crypts—open for the benefit of women. It is a grave question, and well worthy the serious consideration of intelligent men. Here is a city with a population of a million souls—or, with its neighbor towns across the two rivers, nearer two million souls—the metropolis of a vast country—of a country, too, that has done more to make woman's life bright and wide and happy than any other in the world; and yet in this city there is not an institution of learning, equal in value to the Harvard Annex, open to those girls who must, in a few years, by the thousand and ten thousand, coin what brains they can get into the means of living. No young girl, remaining in New York under the kindly care of home, and with the sweet home influences still raining upoa her, can pass the inner brazen gates of knowledge so easily opened to boys who often have to be cudgelled in. Delicate girls have battered their fists red in the effort to share their brothers' advantages in the halls of liberal culture. New York has done absolutely nothing to help them. She has put costly dresses on the backs of the more favored ones, and bought them a season ticket to the opera. She has put brass into the faces of only too many of the less favored, and asked them to get their living on the streets; but she has done less to put brains into their heads and cunning into their hands than any large city in civilized Europe. The capitals there, and even the more conservative centres of learning, have begun to make provision—meagre as yet, but of the right kind—for women's broader education. It is time we should 'turn on the light'; and it should be genuine light—the light of good men and true. The question of throwing open college privileges is pressing and will be discussed. It is better, for all purposes, that the discussion should be intelligent. It may well be that co-education is not the right thing. That is a matter to be tested by experiment, and settled after thoughtful

consideration. But nothing less than *equal* education will ever be satisfactory. It is quite likely that the doors of Columbia College were not made to swing on the hinges of reform. But it may be possible to supply other doors with a little of the XIXth-century lubricating oil, so that they shall swing to the touch of a modest girl's hand as easily as to that of a robust boy. It is for the men of thought and liberal culture to say how this may be brought about, and it was to give them an opportunity to be heard that we lately addressed notes to a few of the leading college presidents and other gentlemen closely interested in educational progress, within a short radius from New York. We print below the result of our effort to get light.

AMHERST COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS., March 24, 1883.  
TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

President Seelye requests me to acknowledge his receipt of your inquiry of the 22d inst., and to say that, in his view, the co-education of the sexes in our American colleges is not desirable.

CHAS. E. ROUNDS (Secretary).

BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 26, 1883.  
TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am not yet prepared to take ground for the admission of young women to Brown University, and must beg to be excused from expressing any opinion in print on the subject.

E. G. ROBINSON.

COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
March 28, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

To your inquiry, whether I approve or disapprove of the co-education of the sexes in American colleges, I find it inconvenient to give a categorical answer which shall be of equal application to all the colleges in the country. The phrase 'co-education of the sexes' does not always and everywhere connote the same set of ideas and conditions. There is one species of co-education at Girton and Newnham Colleges in England, another species at Cornell University, and still another, without any distinction of sexes at all, at the University of Michigan. To the forms of co-education practised at Girton and Newnham Colleges, I see no objections whatsoever. To the forms of co-education practised respectively at Cornell and Michigan Universities, I see certain theoretical objections, but none which may not be removed by the ultimate tests of experiments, that is, after the experiment has been tried long enough.

It is important to observe that it is not the *co-education of the sexes* which makes the difficulty of the problem in hand, for that goes on without the slightest demur in all the churches, Sunday-schools and lecture-rooms of the land; but it is on the co-education of the sexes in colleges that the whole stress of the controversy falls, and this because of the special strain which continuous college studies are supposed to lay on the delicate physique of women, and because of the special dangers to female modesty and reserve supposed to arise from the continuous association of men students and women students in the same class-room.

If called to specify the colleges in which these objections are reduced to a minimum, I would cite the case of colleges like Columbia in New York, and the University of Boston, which, owing to their situation in large cities, and owing especially to their function as purely teaching organizations, are able, after the class-

room exercises are over, to remit their pupils, whether men or women, to the tutelage of home life and the watch-care of home discipline. It is, I suppose, because of the favoring conditions afforded by its seat in the heart of a great city that the University College of London has achieved its phenomenal success in the co-education of the sexes, and it is, I suppose, because such favoring conditions are wanting in the case of a country college like that at Antioch, Ohio, that the co-education of the sexes has there met with collapse, notwithstanding the sanguine hopes based on its trial by such an experienced educator as Horace Mann. The men students as well as the women students have there dwindled to a mere handful. In the light of such examples, it would seem that each college in the country must be left to study the problem of co-education in connection with public wants, and with its special facilities for meeting them.

JAMES C. WELLING.

PRESIDENT'S ROOMS, CORNELL UNIVERSITY,  
ITHACA, N. Y., March 27, 1883.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Thanks for your kind proposal of 20th March; but with the various duties pressing upon me in this institution, I have no time to present my views on the subject which you suggest with proper care.

AND. D. WHITE.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,  
March 23, 1883.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I do not think that young men and women from fifteen to twenty are best educated together in intimate association; but that method may nevertheless be justifiable in a community which cannot afford anything better.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

NORMAL COLLEGE, NEW YORK, March 29, 1883.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I regret that I have not the time to give you my views at some length on the important question of the co-education of the sexes. Having been a teacher of boys and girls in separate institutions for a period of thirty years, I think I could advance good reasons to prove that, under proper restrictions and limitations, it would be better and wiser to educate the sexes in the same building, in the same recitation rooms, and under the same instructors. I believe that mentally, morally and physically, young men and young women would be mutually benefited, if they were educated together. I am the more convinced of this from the fact that, in visiting the normal schools of several states in 1870, I perceived the very best results produced by the co-education of the sexes.

THOS. HUNTER.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, March 26, 1883.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I have very decided views on the subject of the co-education of the sexes. I can see no possible reason for denying co-education to those who desire to learn some special subject in which all have a decided and personal interest. Co-education under any other circumstances would be hurtful to both sexes. Their personality must be lost in their interest in the subject they study. There is so little reason for discussing the subject in New York that I wonder at the prominence given to it. I know of no one who has advocated it. Higher education for women 'did not, in my opinion, involve this

question. From what I have written, you may put me down as opposed to 'co-education without restriction; ' not opposed to it when conducted on commonsense principles. Most young people need a great deal of driving and watching during the earlier periods of their education. At such times the sexes should be separated.

ALEX. S. WEBB.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.,  
March 30, 1883.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

The authorities of this University are opposed to the co-education of the sexes. Nevertheless, all our lectures are public, and ladies may attend them if they choose to do so, as any other citizens may. And, in fact, we have had several ladies to attend lectures in the manner indicated, and we have several so attending now.

L. C. GARLAND.

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,  
March 26, 1883.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

As this college is, by the terms of its foundation, limited to women, there has been no occasion to consider the question of the co-education of boys and girls in college as a practical question. And I suppose it to be a practical rather than a theoretical question. It is under experiment in some colleges, and in due time the result will appear. In the older colleges it would require some re-organization. In the colleges where it is under trial, the women are in a considerable minority. If a new college could be opened, or an old one, with a nearly equal number of both sexes, and with a flexible curriculum and other adaptations to the proposed new order, I should be glad to see the experiment fairly tried. I can only say that I am glad that there is no call for us to undertake it.

S. L. CALDWELL.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, WIS.,  
March 25, 1883.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

After an experience of ten years in large college-classes, I am more than convinced of the unsuitableness of co-education; I believe it to be pre-eminently the fitting method of training our youth. I can only briefly indicate my reasons.

The fears so often expressed in reference to its effects on manners, on health, on the standard of scholarship, on the type of female character have not been found by me to be true, but quite the reverse of the truth. On the other hand, this method gives a vigor, insight and scope to higher education not attainable under the narrower conditions of sexual division. It is impossible to secure breadth without breadth.

Both men and women should encounter the conditions of life in regular sequence as they arise. A period of seclusion is no preparation for new, closer and more responsible contact. It is very pitiful that some doctrinaire should have the power to prepare for women a private regimen that excludes a portion of the most weighty conditions and influences of that life which we have actually to encounter.

While much may be said in behalf of one, two or three colleges recently provided for women, most of the instruction furnished for them is, and will remain, greatly inferior to that offered to young men. Even the best of this instruction is inferior in the scope of its influence to that furnished in our older institutions, which have behind them the gathered force of our national

life. It is uneconomical in theory, and impossible in practice, to provide a second series of colleges equal in extension and educational force to those already in existence.

Seclusion in the education of women means weakness, and weakness means continued subjection to a faulty conventional sentiment; seclusion means inferiority, and this inferiority is not to be measured by the distance between the best institutions open respectively to young men and young women, but by the distance from centre to centre,—the difference of the average work in the two directions.

L. BASCOM.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN., March 26, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

If I had the time, I should have the inclination to express my views at length on the subject, as it now presents itself, of what is called co-education of the sexes in American colleges. It includes, or presents, two or three plans which are very unlike one another. But I have not the time; and had I, you would find that I should require more space than you could consistently give me. Wherefore I had better say nothing.

N. PORTER.

BOARD OF EDUCATION, NEW YORK, March 26, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I am to be counted as opposed to co-education.

STEPH. A. WALKER.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION,  
CLEVELAND, O., March 23, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I take pleasure in saying that, with the limitations given in the next sentences, I am heartily in favor of the co-education of the sexes in American colleges. The limitations are these: I am in favor of seminaries and colleges for women alone, likewise in favor of schools and colleges for men alone. There are people who prefer to send their girls to girls' schools, their boys to boys' schools. Besides, there are girls whom it would be wise to send to girls' schools, boys whom it would be wise to send to boys' schools, for reasons growing out of health, tone of mind, temper and manners. Manifestly, there should be accommodation for these people, and will be. The reasons coming under this general head are numerous, and should receive due consideration. But for the mass of young men and young women, co-education in studies that both are to take has unmistakable advantages. I do not here discuss the question,—do not state affirmative arguments or answer objections, but do utter the conviction that co-education will continue to grow in public favor.

B. A. HINSDALE.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I am decidedly of opinion that women should have precisely the same collegiate training with men, the branching into specialties coming after the college course. But I am opposed to the mingling of the two sexes in the same rooms at the same hours during the college course.

HOWARD CROSBY.

BOSTON, MASS., April 2, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

In my opinion, the opening of collegiate education to men and women alike is both a mark of progress al-

ready made and an earnest of much greater progress near at hand. The importance of co-educational opportunities to women desiring the best culture is obvious, since, until the male sex shall show in general the generosity which it now shows only in individual instances, the provision made for the education of men will be much better than that made for the education of women. For the interests of society at large, co-education is still more important, and for the following reason, among others: Ideas of relation, and of sex, which is one of its most important forms, have everything to do with the guidance of life. Men and women are helped or hindered, lifted or lowered, through life, by a high or a low standard of their relation to each other. Young men and young women who decide to labor together in the pursuit of the highest verities attainable by human knowledge will be in a manner compelled to meet each other in a worthy manner. Their recitations in common will give each a respect for the intellect of the other. Young people so starting in life will be able to form a just estimate of the relative ability of men and women, and of their right relation to each other. The results of co-education already show this to be the case, and will, I believe, be more and more recognized as most useful to the community.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

[The following letter is quoted in the March number of *The Student*, of Haverford College, Pa.]

DANVERS, MASS., August 10, 1881.

DEAR FRIEND RICHARD ATWATER:

I hope the time is not far distant when Brown University will be open to women. The traditions of the noble old institution are all in favor of broad liberality and equality of rights and privileges. The state of my health and the increasing weight of years may prevent me from taking an active part in the matter, but it would be a great satisfaction to give my voice in behalf of a measure which I feel certain would redound to the honor and materially promote the prosperity of the college. Brown University cannot afford to hesitate much longer in a matter like this of simple justice. No one who has felt the pulse of public opinion can doubt that the time has come when a liberal educational policy, irrespective of sex, is not only a duty but a necessity.

Truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### Literature

"Life of Lord Lawrence." \*

JOHN LAWRENCE, subsequently Sir John, and finally Lord Lawrence, was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab at the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. He recaptured Delhi from the native troops, and was afterward Viceroy of India. He has the honor of being one of the very few English officials whom the natives of India still speak of with respect, and in some cases with affection. He was born in 1811, and he died in 1879—one of the most honorable and just men who ever served under a despotic government.

The present work has been carefully compiled from all available sources of information by Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, known as an historian by his interesting studies upon the wars of Rome and Carthage. Mr. Smith must expect to be vehemently abused by *The Saturday Review* and its congeners, because he has not followed the intricacies of Dr. Hunter's method of spelling Indian names. His object was probably to convey information to his readers, and if this is the case he has succeeded admirably. It would be hard to find a book about India, by an Englishman, containing a more honest statement

\* Life of Lord Lawrence. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. 3 vols. Scribner.

of the case from the English point of view. Looking at the state of Indian foreign policy in the light of recent events, the key-note to Lord Lawrence's theories will be found in the fact that he fundamentally disbelieved in the annexation of Afghanistan. It was his firm conviction that India should keep within the natural boundaries of the Indus and the Suliman wall, and that no military forces should cross those limits save as allies to aid the independent tribes against foreign encroachment. That Lord Lawrence's biographer fully sympathizes with him is clear from his frequent thrusts at the policy which has thrown away the proceeds of overwhelming taxation, and even the pitiful little Famine Fund, amid the barren rocks of Afghanistan, in obedience to the dictates of such politicians as the late Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Bartle Frere. No intelligent person can fail to see that the recent wars in Afghanistan have been but feeble and expensive imitations, from an opposite direction, of Mohammed Ghori's plundering expedition or Nadir Shah's freebooter raids.

It is not necessary to enter into any detailed account of Lord Lawrence's doings when he had attained to that pre-eminence in the Indian Government for which he was so well fitted. These things have passed into history, and a biography, however carefully compiled, can only throw a little additional light upon the spirit of the times. Lord Lawrence was not one of those men who go through life the victims of misapprehension or unkind judgment. He took a leading position early in life and held it with that combination of daring courage and cool foresight which he owed to his Irish and Scotch parentage. To the student of men—and for such biographies are chiefly composed—it will be most interesting to learn from Mr. Bosworth Smith's work how the successful man was manufactured out of the impetuous and somewhat desultory youth. In these days, poets and bankers have been suddenly translated to the Vice-Royalty of the Indian Empire with rather unsatisfactory results. John Lawrence was a Viceroy trained to his post by one of the most arduous careers that ever fell to the lot of a man. During the thirty-four years that elapsed from the time of his entering the Civil Service in India to the year of his appointment to the Vice-Royalty, he was for the most part actively engaged in a single-handed combat with all manner of difficulties. For many years he lived the wandering life of an English official in the Punjab, continually alone among natives, often not seeing a European face for months together. Thoroughly conversant with the Indian dialects, and full of sympathy with the people themselves, he united in himself the functions of judge, policeman, tax-gatherer, slayer of wild beasts, protector of the faith, or faiths, and friend of mankind in general. Endowed with preternatural physical strength, and brimming over with energy and vital force, he did more for the Punjab with his own hand and head than all the hosts of 'competition-wallahs' have done since; and the chapters devoted to this period of his life are of thrilling interest. Gifted with such power, thoroughly in love with his work, and trained in such a school of action, it is no wonder that he has left a name which will not be forgotten,—the name of the greatest of India's Viceroys.

Mr. Bosworth Smith's work is a remarkable production. Lord Lawrence died in 1879, and the time that has elapsed is by no means long with respect to the magnitude of the undertaking. The writer is free from the over-enthusiasm of Dr. Hunter, who has perhaps done more harm than good to the natives by his writ-

ing; and, on the other hand, while looking from a purely English point of view, he has avoided the extreme Britonism—if we may coin a word—of Dr. Hunter's antagonists. We do not find in his account of the Mutiny so many extravagant phrases as are usually employed by English writers, nor is there any effort to exalt the oppressed East Indians into angels of goodness. To the general reader, the great variety of anecdote, the thrilling tales of the chase and the camp, render the book unusually attractive.

#### A Life of George Eliot.\*

THE faults of this biography inhere partly in the subject; in part they belong to the author. George Eliot's fame is as wide as the world, but her personal history is that of one who shrinks into obscurity. Her privacy was so well guarded that we are not likely ever to know a great deal of her intimate life. There are motives of delicacy which restrain her personal friends from speaking freely of some of the events of her life, on account of those most nearly concerned with her. A lease of silence for several lives is put upon the matters about which George Eliot's admirers are most curious to be informed. It is likely that when this term shall have expired, those who could speak with authority, or at least the greater part of them, will have passed beyond questioning, so that George Eliot's private life may be little better known to coming generations than Shakespeare's. The present biography is the fullest relation of what is known of the great novelist that has been written, and there are some curious and many unimportant details that are here made public for the first time. But the additions to our knowledge are not very great, and there has been a natural temptation to gather rather insignificant crumbs of gossip from old people who knew her early life; as, for example, from the lady who, when a girl, used the same French dictionary, but could never get into any very friendly intimacy with Marian Evans. The personality of the latter was as effectually hidden from her schoolmates as from the readers of her novels. Yet all the small details here given of her family and school-life, of her butter-making, of her early love-affair, of her friendships, are interesting, and a biographer who has materials so slender is not to blame for using them all. The larger half of the book is occupied with a critical analysis of her works, and an account of the circumstances of their publication. Though the work evinces great intelligence, it is somewhat amateurish and unskillful. The style is sometimes disfigured by stock phrases—well-worn coins that slip easily through the fingers; and there is now and then a lack of repose that ruffles and wearies the reader.

The good quality of the biography may be stated in a few words as an admirable balance and breadth of judgment. The chapter relating to the un-legalized marriage between George Henry Lewes and Marian Evans is a case in point. The alliance is not treated narrowly in any sense; not judged by merely conventional rules on the one hand, and not applauded on the other. The exceptional nature of the case is made plain so far as it may be under the reserve which circumstances impose. The shock felt by George Eliot's most liberal friends, and the estrangement of her own kindred, are frankly stated. On the other hand, the apparent happiness resulting from the union, George Eliot's devotion to Mr. Lewes's children, and Lewes's all-but-motherly care of her health and happiness, present the

\* George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. (Famous Women Series.) Roberts Bros.

more pleasing side of the picture. Of Lewes, with his brilliancy, versatility and tendency to intellectual fickleness, we get a very distinct picture from a pen that seems quite impartial. The less favorable aspects of George Eliot in her period of youthful crudeness and precocity are delicately but impartially given in the earlier chapters.

One singular result of reading the various scraps of George Eliot's letters in these pages is a sense of her inferiority to herself. She had no light weapons. Her epistolary style is either cumbrous or feeble and commonplace. Even her humor is all dramatic. She can only exercise it upon one of her characters, or through one of them. When thus exercised, it is inferior to that of Shakspeare only in lightness;—for with whom can one compare George Eliot, but with the greatest? Her chief fault was that she saw every subject at all times in its cosmical relations—everything was part of the universe. Her humor was vigorous and vital, and delightful in a large way, but it was never playful. The rollicking agility of Shakspeare was impossible to her. Still more foreign to her intellectual action was that friskiness and kittenishness that is so delightful in Charles Lamb and, in a different way, in Thackeray. She could not endure any slang: the language was as sacred to her as a church organ to a lover of sacred music. She took no liberties with good old Mother English, and she hated to have others play pranks with her. Her periods were as perfectly phrased in conversation as in writing. Every word was rightly placed and every vowel got its just quantity. A very dignified habit of mind, no doubt; but very different from that of the great dramatist whom Fuller describes as sailing his nimble wit, like a little English man-of-war, all around Ben Jonson's intellect, moving straightforward like a Spanish great galleon.

*"Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse."*

UNDER this title appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, beginning March 15, 1876, and ending November 15, 1882, a series of papers of which there will shortly be issued an English translation in book-form. M. Renan, in these 'Souvenirs,' apparently aims to deprive the church of any satisfaction similar to that which she derived from the recantation of Talleyrand, of whose closing hours he gives us so graphic a description; and the reminiscences are evidently intended to assure the public that he continues in earnest in the various antagonistic attitudes he has hitherto taken toward Christianity. 'It is I, Renan, sane in body and in mind, that must be believed, and not the Renan I may be on my deathbed. I protest against any weaknesses which my brain, softened by prolonged disease, may in the end cause me to say or sign.' His scepticism is not an offhand scepticism, and the 'Souvenirs' are in some respects meant to give us the chain of evidences which led to it. The minuter details of the work—quaint bits of home-life, dainty landscape sketches, touching episodes—constitute its chief charm; but we can merely indicate its leading feature—the course of study which led to the abjuring of his faith. M. Renan was destined for the priesthood. His acquirements at the little college of Tréguier, his native town, pointed him out to the Director of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, the theological seminary for preparatory studies, in Paris, as a promising candidate for an ecclesiastical career, and he was granted a scholarship in that institution. Then followed two years of philosophy at the Issy Seminary, and finally the course of Hebrew at St. Sulpice,

which course decided the future direction of his studies. The history and the description of these three seminaries, and their several directors, the warfare of the author's spirit of criticism with the time-honored beliefs of the church, are told with such vivacious humor as to make of each a striking and truly piquant picture. Never, perhaps, was the severity, the austerity of theological study, made to play a livelier and more entertaining part; but it is here that the more earnest student will be offended. M. Renan's mind is not a serious mind. These 'Souvenirs' lay bare his grand defect, apart from the will-o'-the-wisp, Hegelian sentimentalism which pervades all his works, leading us from faith to no faith,—his cold, egotistical intellectuality, devoid of all true spiritual susceptibility. They reveal more clearly than any of his other works, the 'bifurcous' tendency of his mind, which renders him unable to lay firm hold on any truth, and which to the observer should be a warning, and serve as a signal-light against the quicksands of the philosopher's theories. As a work of art, the book is equally defective: it is sadly lacking in symmetry. The episode of the flax-dresser, tedious in its repetitions and unwarrantable length, and the prayer on the Acropolis, filling three and a half royal octavo pages with the most extraordinary mock-rhetoric that ever flowed from a pen, are two monstrous excrescences, having little or no *raison-d'être* in the composition. We shut the book and confess that we have been greatly entertained, but that is all. What we hoped to find we have not found. Another figure rises before us, earnest, simple, modest, devout withal, whose dignified scepticism we cannot help respecting. By the side of the strong-built philosophy of the Amsterdam Sage, the French sceptic, in his sophistical wheedling, is as much a factotum as the immortal Bottom. Spinoza does not, like M. Renan, deem it necessary to sugar-coat his pill: he has too much respect for human nature. Between these two forms of scepticism, the reader of the 'Souvenirs' will not be long in deciding which is the nobler.

*"The Gentle Savage."* \*

IN reading Mr. King's fine novel, one is reminded of Longfellow's lines:

'Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.'

Our novelists have for so long occupied themselves with showing the seamy side of human nature, from the indecencies on which Zola thrives down through the frivolities of fashion, the silliness of the society girl, the baseness of politics, the misery of the married, that an author who not only looks for the best in human nature, but finds it, and likes it when he has found it, is positively exhilarating. One scarcely knows which to admire most: the sustained interest of the story, or the fineness of the art with which it is told. It is at once and vividly interesting, almost to the degree of being sensational; yet it is not unnatural. The Gentle Savage, who is no Fair Barbarian, but a genuine Indian, appears in the first chapter, alert, eager, enthusiastic; destined, with the complex nature of a half-breed educated in a Southern town, to become an Indian Hamlet, roused one hour to address the wrongs of his people, and the next murmuring,

'O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!'

\* *The Gentle Savage.* By Edward King. Boston: Osgood.

To transport this young savage suddenly to Europe, there to confront him on the one hand with the loveliest girl of the civilization he despised and allow her quietly to reveal to him that his private feud with another Indian family was not greatly above the level of the white man's persecution of himself, and to confront him on the other hand with a fascinating young nihilist, with whose longings for revenge upon society he ought to be in sympathy,—this is certainly to describe a situation dramatically conceived. There are three heroines. First, there is the sweet society girl—rich, idolized, indulged, beautifully dressed, without the slightest ambition or aspiration, yet capable of suffering intensely, though thoughtful of others in her suffering, and of rising in an emergency to positive heroism. Then there is the young girl who is 'earnest'; who has lofty ideals in art; who goes to Europe to study, to sing, to succeed, and whom Mr. King compels the reader to admire and respect. Thirdly, there is the young lady for whom even music and art are not sufficiently 'earnest'; for whom, indeed, nothing will suffice, short of what the sweet society girl describes as 'grand human ideas and—and things.' This is the young nihilist; and in her, too, Mr. King sees always the best; as he sees the best in poor, ridiculous but not-to-be-ridiculed Mrs. Merlin, as vulgar in manner and conversation as Daisy Miller's mother, but with a good-heartedness, a patience, a cleverness, a devotion, to which Mr. King gives the same appreciation that Mr. James gave to the 'indestructible innocence' of Daisy. And he sees the best again in the man of the world—the cool, calculating Colonel Cliff, who had been 'brought up in a punctilious family where etiquette was as much a matter of course as probity,' and 'who is a generous and chivalric gentleman.'

We could wish that Mr. King had not thought it necessary to translate in foot-notes for us such French expressions as 'Ecoute!' or 'Mille fois!'; but he has given us a novel dramatic in plot, artistic in execution, lofty in its tone, sympathetic in its insight, clear in its characterization; realistic, because it never soars above what is natural and human, but ideal because it gives us the best of what is real.

#### A New French Poet.\*

FRANCE has her Oscar Wilde. His name is Maurice Rollinat; his introducers are Mme. Adam and the *Figaro*. For long months Paris has been stunned with the praises of the coming poet, whose glory was to rise on the horizon as that of Victor Hugo set. His poems have appeared, and are found to be a nightmare inspired by Baudelaire. They are a sort of voyage in the catacombs, among bones, and skeletons, and crumbling bodies. Its principal odes are entitled 'Le Magazin de Suicides,' 'La Ballade du Cadavre,' 'Soliloque de Troppmann,' 'Enterre Vif,' and 'L'Amante Macabre,' in which a skeleton female sings, with piano-forte accompaniment, the loves of her earthly career. The poet thus describes the emotions of a man who is buried alive:

'Alors, étroitement collés contre tes hanches,  
Tes maigres bras ensevelis  
Iront, en s'étirant, buter contre les planches  
Sous le grand suaire aux longs plis.  
  
'Tandis que tes genoux heurteront ton couvercle  
Avec un frisson de fureur,  
Ton esprit affolé roulera dans un cercle  
D'épouvantement et d'horreur.  
  
'Une odeur de bois neuf, d'argile et de vieux linges.  
Te harcèlera sans pitié.'

\* *Les Nevroses*. By Maurice Rollinat. Paris: Charpentier.

L'asphyxie aux poumons, la névrose aux méninges,  
Tu hurleras, mort à moitié.

'Tes sourds gémissements resteront sans réponse;  
Plus d'échos sous ton hideux toit  
Qui, spongieux et mou comme la pierre ponce,  
Laissera l'eau suinter sur toi!  
  
'Dans l'horrible seconde où ta vie épuisée  
Luttera moins contre la mort,  
Tu croiras voir ta chair déjà décomposée;  
Tu sentiras le ver qui mord.'

Through this poetry of the charnel-house there gleams an occasional ray of sunlight. There is a bit of landscape called 'Les Réfugés'; and there are touches of nature in 'Les Frissons.' Two stanzas of the latter run as follows:

'Le vent par les temps bruns ou clairs  
Engendre des frissons amers  
Qu'il fait passer du fond des mers  
Au bout des voiles;  
Et tout frissonne, terre et ciel,  
L'homme triste et l'enfant joyeux,  
Et les pucelles dont les yeux  
Sont des étoiles!'

'Ils rendent plus doux, plustremblés  
Les aveux des amants troublés;  
Ils s'éparpillent dans les blés  
Et les ramures;  
Ils vont orageux ou follets  
De la montagne aux ruisselets,  
Et sont les frères des reflets  
Et des murmures.'

But, as a rule, the verses are poor things, and their author's name is not likely to outlive his present notoriety.

#### The Dramatization of "Rip van Winkle."

HE walked into my study in London, and I rose with sincere pleasure to greet my old colleague, Jefferson. This was in 1865, and in summer-time. I had not seen him for five years. Who remembers the Winter Garden? where he played Caleb Plummer in 'Dot' and Salem Scudder in 'The Octofoon' in 1859. During these six years he had been westward in Australia; I had been in London.

By the way, talking of Caleb Plummer, when I opened the Winter Garden, in 1859, having engaged Joe Jefferson as leading comedian, it struck me that Caleb Plummer was a character he could grasp. He was called to rehearsal, and the part was placed in his hand. I shall never forget the expression on his face. Approaching him, I said: 'What's the matter, Joe?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'don't ask me to play this. I have tried it in the old edition and failed in it conspicuously. You have brought me to New York. Is this to be my opening part?' I tried vainly to persuade him that he would make a hit in it. He would not see it. However, I was obliged to insist, and he went to his duty. He began to rehearse, and I saw at once he had struck the wrong key. He mistook the character. He made it a weary, dreary, sentimental old bore. Rising from my managerial chair, I stopped the rehearsal. 'Sit there, Joe,' I said, placing him in my seat. I took his place on the stage; then, giving an imitation of himself, playing the character as I knew he could play it, in a comic, simple, genial vein, I had not spoken three speeches before he began to wriggle in his chair; and then, leaping up, he cried, 'Stop! I see! I know! that is enough';—and so it was. He struck the key. Those who saw his performance can understand how fine and

delicate a piece of work his portraiture of the old toy-maker was.

But this was in 1859. Let us return to 1865. Jefferson was anxious to appear in London. All his pieces had been played there. The managers would not give him an appearance unless he could offer them a new play. He had played a piece called 'Rip van Winkle,' but when submitted to their perusal, they rejected it. Still he was so desirous of playing Rip that I took down Washington Irving's story and read it over. It was hopelessly undramatic. 'Joe,' I said, 'this old sot is not a pleasant figure. He lacks romance. I dare say you made a fine sketch of the old beast, but there is no interest in him. He may be picturesque, but he is not dramatic. I would prefer to start him in a play as a young scamp—thoughtless, gay, just such a curly-headed, good-humored fellow as all the village girls would love, and the children and dogs would run after.' Jefferson threw up his hands in despair. It was totally opposed to his artistic preconception. But I insisted, and he reluctantly conceded.

Well, I wrote the play as he plays it now. It was not much of a literary production, and it was with some apology it was handed to him. He read it, and when he met me, I said: 'It is a poor thing, Joe.' 'Well,' he replied, 'it is good enough for me.' It was produced. Three or four weeks afterward he called on me, and his first words were: 'You were right about making Rip a young man. Now I could not conceive and play him in any other shape.'

How small a thing is a seed, yet how grand a tree springs from an acorn. Irving supplied the seed without which the dramatist would have been barren, and Jefferson would have possibly remained a statue without a pedestal—prostrate, unrecognized, and unknown.

DION BOUCICAULT.

#### Irving's Ancestry.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 3, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Irving's note to an association bearing his name, in this city, printed in the last number of THE CRITIC, drew out, at the time, a suggestion in a local paper as to the great author's possible anti-republican estimate of heraldic honors. I enclose an exact copy of a letter I received from him, which may be of interest to you, and which you can make any use of you see fit. I should be glad to show the original to any one you would care to see it.

PHILIP R. AMMIDON.

'PHILIP R. AMMIDON, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR: There is nothing in my communication to the "Irving Association" to warrant the idea that I pretend "to trace my descent to Robert the Bruce." The association requested of me a motto. I suggested the one belonging to the armorial bearings of the name they had adopted. The Irvings were a poor family that adhered to Robert the Bruce in his adversities, and sheltered him in a time of peril. He gave them his coat-of-arms and motto in token of their loyalty. I trace my descent to one of the poorest branches of that family. Respectfully, your ob'dt serv't,

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

#### Irving Bibliography.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In 'A Bibliography of Irving,' in your issue of this date, the editions I quote herewith are omitted: (1) 'History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. A new edition revised and corrected by the author.' 2 vols., octavo. Phila-

delphia: Cary, Lea & Blanchard, for George W. Gordon. 1838. This edition has an appendix of 148 pp., containing documents, etc., from various sources. A copy of this edition, doubtless quite uncommon now, is in my library. (2) Complete Works, containing the volume 'Salmagundi,' but not the Life and Letters, known as the 'National Edition.' G. P. Putnam. 1860-7. 24 vols. This was printed on pink paper, and sold by subscription at the time. I believe it has been o. p. for some years, as a special edition. It was finely illustrated.

WILLIAM H. FARRINGTON.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 31, 1883.

#### The Irving Celebration at Tarrytown.

AT TARRYTOWN, N. Y., in the evening of last Tuesday, the one-hundredth anniversary of Irving's birth, a memorial meeting was held in the Second Reformed Church, which was decorated with flowers and plants. An oil painting of Irving at the age of twenty-four, by Jarvis, was entwined with foliage and vines. Judge Noah Davis presided, and there were in attendance, besides the speakers of the evening, a number of well-known gentlemen. Letters were read from Governor Cleveland, John G. Whittier, Presidents Porter (of Yale) and Barnard (of Columbia), George William Curtis, the Rev. Drs. Howard Crosby, William Ormiston, John Hall, William Morgan, S. Irenæus Prime and W. H. Ward, and S. B. Shieffelin, George S. Rice and E. C. Stedman. In a brief but interesting address, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell described his first meeting with Irving, in Colonnade Row, opposite THE CRITIC office. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner also made a capital and characteristic speech. In Mr. Curtis's letter, the suggestion was made, 'that no place and no time could be more appropriate than those of your meeting, for beginning an active movement to secure a statue of Washington Irving in Central Park.' And at the 23d anniversary meeting of the Irving Association of Newark, the same evening, \$100 was subscribed towards erecting a monument to Irving in Central Park, this city. A more fitting tribute to the genius of the great humorist could not well be paid.

#### Dr. Dix's Lenten Lectures.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have just read, with complete approval, your review of the Rev. Dr. Dix's Lectures on 'The Calling of a Christian Woman.' If all good men like Dr. Dix will take hold of these problems of woman's rights and wrongs, of her claims and duties, of her abilities and disabilities, of her education and the just amelioration of the laws that bear hard upon her—if the Rev. Dr. Dix and others in or out of the Episcopal Church will but join hands with those whose purpose is as pure as theirs, who do not seek to lower woman or to destroy the home, or to thrust God out of the world, but who would correct the abuse for which the Church is in part to blame, who would lighten the burden of the mother and wife, and sweeten their duties, and lead their daughters more gently into a wider and a purer life, with vastly more comfort to themselves and a more beneficent result to the world than will be brought about in the convents of the Church, whether Catholic or Episcopal, or in the toil of missionary enterprise—they will do more to help the cause of truth and growth and continual readjustment of men to divine order.

NEWARK, N. J., April 1, 1883.

J. W. M.

## The Critic

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1883.

OWING to the pressure of 'body-articles' of greater pith and moment, the editor of *The Century* has decided to discontinue three of the regular departments of that magazine—'Home and Society,' 'The World's Work' and 'Literature.' The new order goes into effect in the May number.

Miss M. Betham Edwards has written a serial for *Harper's Weekly* called 'Disarmed.' The scene is laid in England, and the characters are English and French. It will be published in the *Weekly* exclusively.

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop is hard at work on a new novel, 'Newport,' which will run through half-a-dozen numbers of *The Atlantic*, beginning in July. It is, as its name implies, a sketch of life and society in the old Rhode Island capital. Mr. Lathrop proposes, we believe, to make New York his permanent abiding place.

Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist, will, it is understood, give a series of readings from his novels at the Madison Square Theatre, as soon as his New England engagements are completed. His subject will probably be 'Creole Women.'

Mr. Henry James's play was declined by the Madison Square Theatre, not because of any want of dramatic power, we are informed, but because it was entirely too long for stage representation.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner begins his duties as editor of 'The Drawer' with the May number of *Harper's Magazine*. What he will be able to do with this department cannot be judged from this month's showing, which is simply a working-over of the material on hand, and is more in the style of 'The Drawer' as it was under the late Mr. W. A. Seaver.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead, author of 'The Philosophy of Carlyle,' will begin a course of four lectures, on 'America in the American Poets,' at the hall of the Workingmen's School, 109 West Fifty-fourth Street, on the evening of the 10th inst. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Emerson will be the subjects of his lectures.

'Daisy Miller,' 'The Diary of a Man of Fifty,' 'A Bundle of Letters,' and 'An International Episode,' in one paper-covered volume, have been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library.

In their American Science Series, Henry Holt & Co. will publish a new and condensed edition of Newcomb and Holden's 'Astronomy,' for high-schools and colleges.

Thomas Whittaker has nearly ready 'Stories from English History,' by Louise Creighton, to be illustrated with wood-cuts copied from old prints, historic frescoes, and other authentic sources. The same publisher will issue early in April the first volume of a new series of sermons, entitled 'Coals from the Altar,' by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cross. The volume covers the season from Advent to Ascension, and the concluding volume is to appear a month hence.

*The Domestic Monthly* will begin the publication of Justin McCarthy's new novel, 'Maid of Athens,' in its May number. It will run for the remainder of the year.

*The Christian Union* will publish this month three 'Glimpses of English Life,' by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, and three articles in its 'How to Begin' series—'A Christian Life' and 'A Church Life,' by Washington Gladden, and 'A Course of Reading,' by Hamilton W. Mabie.

'My Trivial Life,' which is published here by the Messrs. Putnam, is by an unknown author. Even Messrs. Blackwood, the English publishers, do not know who the writer is, all their arrangements with her having been made through the advertising columns of the London *Times*. The book is a skit at London society, and the characters are well-known people disguised.

Mr. James Parton addressed the Nineteenth Century Club, last Tuesday evening, on 'The Coming Man's Religion.'

The novel announced by Messrs. Putnam as 'The Sibley Affair,' by the author of 'The Leavenworth Case,' is to be published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, under the title 'Hand and Ring.' 'The Leavenworth Case' has been issued in five different forms, and in several editions of each sort. Of the last, a 20-cent edition, 10,000 copies were sold in two weeks, and the publishers have orders for as many more.

A successful operatic performance was given at the Academy of Music, last Tuesday night, in aid of Washington and Lee University.

'Life and Times of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B.' is the title of a biography by J. E. Collins, which will shortly issue from the press of the Rose Publishing Co., of Toronto.

A volume of 'Poems,' by John Albee, is announced by Messrs. Putnam. The Transatlantic and Knickerbocker Novels, printed by this house, have been reduced in price from 60 to 50 cents.

A page-portrait of Mr. George Du Maurier, of *Punch*, has been engraved for Mr. Henry James's article on London society, in the May *Century*.

MR. A. B. TURNURE, known as the founder and some-time editor of *The Art Interchange*, has brought out the first number of *The Art Age*, a monthly journal devoted to the art of printing and book-making. *The Art Age* is in itself a fine example of the printer's art, the blue white of its paper being the only objection to its appearance. In America the mechanical part of book-making is improving every year, and the subject has sufficient interest, we should think, to give *The Art Age* a recognized position.

EVERY art-student in the land may look upon the death of Peter Cooper as a personal loss. The help which this venerable millionaire has given to the advancement of art and science is incalculable. Thousands of young men and women can bear testimony to the practical value of the Cooper Union art-schools. Only a few days ago, in speaking of these schools, Mr. Cooper said, with a look of proud satisfaction on his face, that young women who were so poor that he had given them money to buy their luncheons with, while they were studying in the Union, were now making \$1,500 and \$3,000 a year. 'How will it be in the event of your death,—which I hope is a good many years off?' inquired the friend to whom he was speaking. 'I have endowed Cooper Institute with my fortune,' replied the philanthropist. 'And left nothing to your children?' 'They have plenty of their own, and don't need anything of mine,' said this good and wise man, whose monument, raised by his own hands, will bear testimony to a noble life and well-spent fortune.

THE project of founding a theatrical library, started at the breakfast to Herr Barnay, is rapidly taking substantial shape. Several meetings have been held at the house of Mr. Brander Matthews, and the American Dramatic Library has been duly organized with Mr. Harry Edwards as President, Mr. H. Thorndike Rice as Treasurer, Mr. Laurence Hutton as Secretary, and an executive committee of nine. No appeal for contributions has yet been made, but many have been offered. Mrs. F. W. Tracy (Agnes Ethel) has subscribed \$500, and an American dramatist has declared his intention of giving even more than this. Many gifts and bequests of books have been promised. There is every reason to believe that within a year New York will have the beginning of a dramatic library worthy of the city and the country. Hitherto we have had nothing to compete with the Barton collection in Boston or the Dyce-Forster collections in London, or the new theatrical library M. Nuitter is getting together at the Paris Opéra. Special attention will be paid to the preservation of all that relates in any way to the history of the drama in America.

## "The Folk-Lore Journal."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will THE CRITIC oblige a subscriber by telling where and by whom *The Folk-Lore Journal* is published?

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 2, 1883.

F. R. R.

[*The Folk-Lore Journal* is published for the Folk-Lore Society, by Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, London, and may be had in New York of Mr. Bouton.]

## GERMAN NOTES.

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* for March contains several historical essays, two of which bear upon past relations of Germany with England. It also contains a paper on Schiller, by Professor William Scherer of Berlin, which will be reprinted in substance in the eighth part of Scherer's 'History of German Literature.' —The same number of the *Rundschau* presents a biographical notice of Reinhold Pauli, who died June 3d, 1882, and who was

the author of one of the historical articles above-mentioned ('The Prospects of the House of Hanover,' with regard to the English throne, in the year 1711), and a member of the staff of the magazine from its foundation. His later years were devoted to a history of England from 1815 to 1852. He was well known as a historian. He spent some years in England, engaged in philological and historical researches; and the historical relations of England with Germany formed the literary *motif* of his life and works. The most complete German history of the English middle-ages (1154-1509) is to be found in three volumes published by him between the years 1853 and 1858. He was private secretary to Baron Bunsen, of whom he afterward wrote a life, and to whom he dedicated his first essay, 'King Alfred, and his Position in the History of England.' He was successively professor of history at the universities of Bonn, Rostock, Tübingen, and Göttingen.

A volume of fifteen essays by Herman Grimm has appeared in Berlin.—A number of current American novels have been reprinted by the Tauchnitz house in Leipzig.—Col. di Cesnola's book on Cyprus has been translated into German, and published at Jena, with an introduction by Georg Ebers.—Gladstone's 'Homer and his Times' has appeared in a German translation in the same city.—'Indische Reisebriefe' ('Letters of Indian Travel'), by Ernst Haeckel, have appeared in Germany, and the German reviews quote the favorable opinion of their Amerian contemporary, *The Nation*, with regard to them.

#### ITALIAN NOTES.

THE *Antologia* for March contains a study of George Sand and her recently-published letters, by Giovanni Boglietti; a sentimental paper called 'Young and Old,' being a chapter from a book called 'Gli Amici,' by Edmondo de Amicis, shortly to be published by Treves of Milan; 'Ancient Rome and Modern London,' by Rodolfo Lanciani; the first three chapters of a new serial (rather interesting, as giving a picture of contemporary Italian social life), by Grazia Pierantoni Mancini, called 'Sul Tevere'; and a paper on the 'Military Impost.'—A volume of stories, satirical in purpose, by I. Vallauri, a distinguished Latinist, has appeared in Siena.—An important work, 'The Psychology of Association, from Hobbes to our own Time,' by Louis Ferri, Professor at the University of Rome, has appeared, in French, in Paris.—'Le Veglie di Neri,' a volume of sketches of Tuscan life, by Renato Fucini, is praised by the Italian press.—A work on the condition of rural property and the agrarian economy in the Venetian provinces, by E. Morigi, is attracting attention in Italy.—Prince Corsini has sold to the State, for the sum of 2,500,000 liras, his palace at Rome, with the picture-gallery and library contained in it. It is to become a public scientific museum.—A second edition of 'Carlo Goldoni, and Venice in the Last Century,' by Ferdinand Galanti, has appeared in Padua.—A complete collection in six volumes of the letters of Ugo Foscolo is being prepared by Giuseppe Chiarini and Domenico Bianchini.

#### HUNGARIAN NOTE.

A NEW and important contribution to the history of Hungary is 'Georg Rakoczi I., or the Thirty Years' War, 1630-1640,' with documents from the Swedish and Hungarian archives, by Alexander Szilagyi, Director of the University Library of Budapest, in which city the work has just appeared.

#### The Fine Arts

##### Academy of Design.—48th Annual Exhibition.

THERE could hardly be a greater contrast to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists than that which is open at the same time at the Academy of Design. The former holds hardly half-a-dozen poor pictures; the latter has great areas of wall-space covered with mere trash. The second contains too many pictures by half; the first might have had more good pictures to show, if there had been room for them. The paintings in the Academy are abominably hung; those in the Madison Square gallery are as well placed and lit as circumstances would allow.

The Academy show appears, at first sight, to be a retrospective one. It looks like an exhibition of twenty

years ago. There are names in the catalogue and on the walls which we thought had long since passed into oblivion. Daniel Huntington, William L. Sontag, George Henry Hall, F. L. Smith, George W. Flagg, William Page, Henry A. Loop, William Hart, J. F. Cropsey, G. H. McCord—there is no end of them. All of these gentlemen have their things on the line, so that better work has had to go above or below it, or be rejected. Many of their pictures are very bad; none are very good. Not satisfied with thus taking up space themselves, it is rumored that they or some of them are in the habit of securing places for the efforts of their pupils, which would account for the great number of crude productions evidently by hands not accustomed to painting either well or ill. But these, at least, are hopeful if not promising. We are entering on better times for art than any we have known, and it is possible that a large proportion of those who are now studying painting—say one-fifteenth or one-twentieth—will become respectable artists. There are a few good pictures in the exhibition. Winslow Homer's 'Coming away of the Gale,' George Inness's 'Summer,' Ruger Donoho's 'La Marcellerie,' Mr. Frank D. Millet's 'Story of Oenone,' Mr. Blashfield's 'Allegretto Andante,' Charles Ulrich's 'Glass-Blowers,' M. R. Dixon's 'Waiting,' Percy Moran's 'En Voyage,' J. Louis Webb's 'Study of an Interior,' Edward Dowdall's 'Playmates,' A. R. Poore's 'The New Year,' and several others, are worth going to see more than once, even though much of the pleasure they might give is nullified by the general effect of the exhibition.

##### Society of American Artists.—6th Annual Exhibition.

###### (Second Notice.)

WE omitted to mention in our first notice of this excellent exhibition the contributions of Mr. Ryder, Mr. J. A. Weir, Mr. Eaton and some others that merit attention. Mr. Ryder has been noted for some years as a painter somewhat in the manner of an eccentric French or Italian painter whose things, generally painted without the use of brush or palette, have been introduced here by an enterprising firm in Fifth Avenue. His friends have disclaimed all connection between his works and those of the artist referred to, but the public have persistently seen a very strong resemblance in them to one another. It is undoubtedly true that in method and in their principal aim they are as one. To squeeze the pigment out of the tube directly upon one's canvas is certainly the surest way to secure pure and strong coloring. To drown it all in richly colored glazes is the easiest way to get a harmonious ensemble. To balance these gains, anything like correct or delicate drawing is by this method impossible to arrive at; but a graceful arabesque is not impossible, nor a happy composition of masses, nor a certain amount of aerial perspective. Except the last, all of these are attributes of decorative rather than of pictorial art; and the last belongs to landscape. Hence it is quite natural to find Mr. Ryder and his doppel-ganger each painting pictures that are primarily essays in coloration, landscapes in the second place. If figures are introduced they are treated in the most capricious or perfunctory manner. It is hardly to be regretted, perhaps, that Mr. Ryder, our only painter in this manner, shows a disposition, more strongly marked year by year, to sink the few pictorial qualities possible to him in the decorative. His work this year at the Academy and at the Society's exhibition is little more than a few square inches of subtly and beautifully colored canvas. It has the beauty of a slab of onyx, an old meerschaum pipe, a scrambled egg on toast. People

will pay hundreds of dollars for old Moorish or Persian tiles of exactly similar character in their present condition. There seems to be no reason why Mr. Ryder's work should be less valued or more mocked at. A wider culture on the part of our critics would show them that such work has its place, and a very respectable one, in every period of artistic progression.

Mr. Alden Weir's portraits and flowers have been done with scarcely less regard to tone than Mr. Ryder's work displays, but with much greater regard to form. Mr. Weir paints in a lower key. He does not disregard nature altogether, but he synthetizes a great deal.—Mr. Thayer thinks still more of his model, but does not shrink from placing his method before fact. What his very summary technique cannot easily render he is well content to do without. We must repeat that this is perfectly right, and that these young painters are engaged in teaching the public and the critics a great and valuable truth—namely, that art is many-sided, and that it is enough for a man to do one thing in art well. They are mannered, but each of their mannerisms is based on something in nature or in the artist's individuality, and it therefore amounts, or is likely to amount, to style. Still, it is not hard to see why the more careful, broad and comprehensive work of such a painter as Mr. Eaton should be more popular than that of any of the above-named artists. It is more generous, more even, more uniformly right. The Society is to be congratulated on possessing members of such varied talents, and at least one who in a great degree combines them all.

#### Art Notes.

'WITH regard to the positive process in etching,' says Mr. Hamerton in the February *Portfolio* (Bouton), 'of which, according to Mr. Arlo Bates, Mr. Haden claims the invention, the history of it is briefly this: Mr. Haden first gave Mr. Hamerton the idea of etching in the bath, but in the negative process—that is to say, with a black ground. Mr. Hamerton thought that a positive process might be founded upon this, and silvered the copper-plate, covering the silver with a solution of white wax in ether, and so obtaining a white ground in which the lines showed black by contrast. The novelty was in the dark line on the silvered and waxed plate.' Though 'the process is technically quite perfect,' it has been but little used.

Mr. J. W. Bouton is the agent in this country of the 'ornamental Arts of Japan,' by George Ashdown Audsley. The book is a large folio, illustrated with 100 plates, seventy of them in colors and gold. It will be sold to subscribers only, and one edition of it will be reprinted on Japanese paper at \$200 a copy. Mr. Bouton has also on his list another book by the same author, 'The Art of Chromo-Lithography,' illustrated with forty-four plates, showing separate impressions of all the stones employed.

Prof. R. F. Weir has written a paper on 'Art Studies at Home and Abroad,' apropos of the recent offer of Messrs. Harper of a \$3,000 art prize.

#### The Drama

MESSRS. HARRIGAN AND HART have met with a disaster. They have fought a new battle on their own ground, and have been beaten. Their record had hitherto been as the record of the immortal Tom Hyers. They have held the comic championship of America against all comers. They have vanquished audiences of all weights and sizes. Their victories have been the glory of theatrical Boxiana, and if in some of their melodramatic bouts they have come off second best, the decision has generally been given against them on a foul. Now, however, there is no question of their defeat. They have been fairly and squarely 'knocked out.'

This we regret. These actors have done, and will again do, much for the American stage. They have seen

as, on a much higher plane, the managers of the Madison Square have seen, that there is not only a future for native plays, but that there is really a future for no other. Unfortunately they have not the men to execute their well-planned designs. Mr. Edward Harrigan is a writer of some humorous force. He observes, and what he sees he is able to reproduce. His wit is nimble and his spirits high. He is, indeed, the Shakespeare of the variety show. But his inventive powers have been gradually waning. His eye for color is growing dim. He merely recalls the successful points of previous plays and spins out the endless series of Mulligans and McSorleys, German saloon-keepers and Irish washerwomen, policy-players, loafers, 'beats' and politicians, of whom the town is heartily tired.

'The Muddy Day,' produced on Monday, is the latest work of this class. It relates the adventures of two mud-scow captains, one of whom, being Irish, feels it his duty to fill up the Bay to prevent the entry of British vessels, and the other of whom, being German, refuses to employ Irishmen in his crew. It misses a rare opportunity for fun. Anybody who has wandered through the riverside haunts knows the astonishing variety of human types which may there be found. In the low barrooms of South Street, Dickens would have found materials for half a dozen novels. Among these mariners of the scow, these sea-dogs of the mud, many a Captain Cuttle has his home, many a Jack Bunsby delivers his oracles. There they sit, night after night, with their pipe and their glass, waiting for the caricaturist to sketch them.

Moreover, the feud of nationalities, which Mr. Harrigan has often lightly touched, is a much richer dramatic mine than he seems to suppose. Presuming that the Irish and Germans are the Montagues and Capulets of our streets, their antagonism furnishes a comic play with the best background which could well be devised. But Mr. Harrigan makes poor use of it. He introduces the two captains as rivals for the Widow O'Leary's hand. He makes them scowl at each other, spar at each other, cheat each other at cards, run off with each other's coats, so that one gets a contract for Broadway mud, and the other gets a pocket-book full of Fenian bonds. When the audience wearies of triviality like this in come the hostile crews, shouting, menacing, gesticulating, preparing for a mutual assault and only restrained by the efforts of the Widow O'Leary who, to soothe them, warbles, in Mr. Hart's mellifluous tones, a ditty about 'The Bunch of Berries.' Whereupon the captains secrete themselves in washtubs; the servants turn on the steam; the rivals leap at each other's throats and the curtain falls on a free fight.

As if this were not primitive enough, Mr. Harrigan makes his play still more bare by depriving it of any possible motive. He has generally been rather ingenious in the art of stringing his scenes together. He finds, like a good playwright, that a missing letter or a stolen goat is quite enough for his purpose, and in 'The Muddy Day' he packs the interest of the piece into the Widow O'Leary's trunk, which, if properly contrived, might have carried it as easily as the flying trunk of Andersen's story carried its human freight. When the lamented O'Leary died, his widow, it appears, cut off his whiskers and preserved them as a precious relic in the trunk. Mr. John Wild, an unscrupulous darkey, purloins the trunk in the interests of a church-fair, held in the Floating Bethel. Thither Mrs. O'Leary pursues him, and, having secured the thief, forgets what she came for and is caught by the rising waters, which not

only drown out the congregation, but, with them, the interest of the play.

Though he goes down into the waters, Mr. Tony Hart, who is the Widow O'Leary, is not forgotten. His presence has shed a broad gleam of light over a dreary waste of acts. His range as a comedian is, perhaps, very limited, but within that range he is inimitable. While he confines himself to the parts for which he has the physical qualifications, he is without a rival on the American stage. It is worth a long journey to hear the Widow O'Leary relate her matrimonial aspirations to her daughter. Never had widow's eye so merry a twinkle as when she announces that formerly she married for love, but now she will marry for money. Never was scorn so loftily expressed as when she observes, 'Faith, and what is it a girl like you can tell me about marriage?' Matchless, too, is the Irish grace with which she lures the captains into a game of cards, desiring to test the contents of their pocket-books. With soft, siren airs she persuades the German captain to produce his contract for thirty-two tons of Broadway mud; with seductive wiles she makes the Irish captain show his bonds. Indeed, throughout this scene Mr. Hart's acting belongs to a high order of comedy, and he only falls below his level when the widow learns that the bonds are Fenian bonds, each bearing the direction, 'Pay to the bearer One Thousand Dollars—when Ireland is free.'

The negroes are less amusing than of old. The memory of the late William Gray, who presided so imperturbably over their gatherings, who directed them how to bet at the policy-shop and how to vote at elections, saddens them still. The Reverend Palestine Pewter has gone where the secrets of policy are revealed, and where '4—11—44' is a talisman no more. Poor Billy Gray! To many of us he was the merriest of all these men of mirth. There still is Wild, the mercurial; and Queen, with the mighty brogue; and West, as buxom a wench as Baxter Street contains. But Gray had the solemn gravity of the full-blooded negro aristocracy, the repose which marks the caste of the colored Vere de Vere. His melancholy face lent his speech a piquancy which was heightened by his angular gestures and his lisp. It is sad to think that in his comical antics his life was ebbing away. His last song was 'The Old Bowery Pit,' and when he told of the favorites of other days, the lights that were quenched, the familiar faces that were gone, he doubtless felt that before long he would join them, and be playing his part on a ghostly stage before an audience of shadows.

Be the cause what it may, 'The Muddy Day' is a failure. Mr. Harrigan must get new blood into his theatre. He must look for dramatic aid outside the walls of his own study. After a period of rest and of relegating the business of play-writing to other hands, his invention may be quickened, and a series of plays as fresh as the Mulligan plays may be born into the world. On one thing he may count, and that is the sympathy of playgoers who owe him so much amusement. His success has been due, we are never tired of repeating, to his production of native works. His theatre is founded on a rock, and his great popularity leads us to look forward hopefully to the day when the American drama shall thrive as mightily as American literature, when the Madison Square shall be its Théâtre Français and the Théâtre Comique its Palais Royal, and when Wallack's Theatre and the Union Square shall have gone down into the deeps with all other foreign fripperies and abominations.

## Music

### A New Cantata by Gounod.

M. CHARLES GOUNOD has sent to the French choral society, L'Espérance, of this city, a new cantata entitled 'La Statue de la Liberté.' It is composed for male voices, accompanied by a military band. It is said to be large in style, and very effective, and of the same class as the famous soldiers' march in 'Faust.' Several French choral societies are now rehearsing the cantata under the directorship of their leader, Professor Vicarino, who intends to arrange a concert, exclusively by French artists, for the benefit of the pedestal fund of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty, the programme to be made up of French compositions unknown to American audiences.

### Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

It is a pity that the clumsy term 'programme-music' is the only one we have wherewith to describe that form of composition which, though not introduced by him, received its first development at the hands of Beethoven, and was afterwards elaborated by Berlioz. One can hardly dissociate the personality of this composer from his music. When one sees the name on a programme, a vision comes before him of the man of genius, forced to have his works produced at his own expense, and obliged, for nearly forty years, to earn his living by attending and criticising the various concerts and musical performances which took place in the Paris which despised him until his death, and then extolled him above his deserts. 'La Damnation de Faust: Légende Dramatique en Quatre Parties' was first produced about 1846, and was not repeated as a whole until 1877, nearly ten years after Berlioz was in his grave. In New York, within the past few years, the work has become passably familiar. It has received able and worthy treatment at the hands of the Oratorio Society. Selections from the orchestral portions—the Rakoczy March, the Dance of the Sylphs, and the Dance of the Follets, for instance—have often found a place on mixed programmes. For these reasons, a discussion of the merits of the work might now seem out of place.

With the exception of the soloists, to whom reference will be made later, the work on Saturday last could hardly have received better treatment than it did at the hands of the Oratorio and Symphony Societies under Dr. Damrosch's leadership. The former concerts of the Oratorio Society this season have been so far from satisfactory that it is the more gratifying to be able to bestow praise on this occasion with a liberal hand. The difficult sleep-chorus in the second part, with its varying time for the strings and the chorus and rest of the orchestra, was given with excellent precision. The less trying numbers, too, received as careful treatment; and the orchestral portions, though open to criticism here and there, were played with feeling, and due regard to color and effect. It is impossible to say very much in favor of the vocalists. Mme. Minnie Hauk was as bad a Marguerite as such an accomplished vocalist could well be. She was, in general, hard and unsympathetic; and she endeavored to make up for her lack of comprehension of the sentiment of the King of Thule ballad by theatrical tricks and artifices utterly unworthy of the occasion. Signor Ravelli sang the Faust score, in French, very carelessly; while Mr. Remmert labored conscientiously but unsuccessfully with the difficult Mephistopheles numbers. As to Herr Heinrich as Brander, there was so little of him in every sense of the word that there is not much to be said. As a whole, though, the performance

was a most enjoyable one, and showed what our choral bodies can do when they are thoroughly familiar with their work.

**The Music of the Week.**

THE principal operatic event of the week was undoubtedly Mme. Scalchi's appearance as Leonora in 'La Favorita.' There are so few operas now on the stage in which the contralto voice has the leading part that a contralto's repertory as a prima-donna is decidedly limited. Mme. Scalchi's appears to be exceptionally so. Azucena in 'Semiramide' seems to exhibit her powers in their highest degree of perfection, and at the same time to mark their limit. She is a one-part singer, just as there are many one-part actors; and it is almost a pity that she made her debut in a character which must eclipse any after effort. Her Leonora was an un-

doubted failure, one so complete that even her somewhat indiscriminating admirers could find little to say in its defense.

The production of 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Casino served as a re-introduction of M. Capoul and as little more. The opera was badly mounted, badly sung, and not very well acted. M. Capoul can do little more than remind us of what he once was, and he seems to take as little interest in his work as the fickle public takes in him. 'Romeo and Juliet' is perhaps the least ridiculous of any of the Shakspearian operas; but even Gounod cannot render such a libretto otherwise than dis-tasteful to an English-speaking public.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society produced Professor J. K. Paine's 'Spring Symphony' under the composer's leadership on Saturday last, and apparently with success.

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